Enter Richard Duke o

NOW is the winter
Made glorious so
And all the cloud
In the deepe boso
Now are our browes bound wi
Our bruiſed armes hung vp fo
Our ſterne alarums chang'd to
Our dreadfull marches to delig
Grim-viſagde war, hath ſmoot
And now inſtead of mounting
To fright the ſoules of feareful
He capers nimbly in a Ladies c
To the laſciuious pleaſing of a
But I that am not ſharpe of ſpc
Nor made to court an amorou
I that am rudely ſtampt, and w
To ſtrut before a wanton ambl
I that am curtaild of this faire p
Cheated of feature by diſſembl
Deform'd, vnfiniſht, ſent befor
Into this breathing world halfe
And that ſo lamely and vnfaſhi
That dogs barke at me as I halt
Why I in this weake piping tim
Haue no delight to paſſe away
Vnleſſe to ſpie my ſhadow in th
And deſcant on mine owne def
And therefore ſince I cannot p
To entertaine theſe faire well ſp
I am determined to proue a vill
And hate the idle pleaſures of t
Plots haue I laid, inductions d

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